

Gottfried-Seideneck 1931 Drainage Plan May Be Used Now



**SAYS
THE EDITOR**

**WE HEREWITH
STRAIGHTWAY
APOLOGIZE**



We used to say, with our characteristic arrogance, that if we were wrong nine times out of ten, we would be so right the tenth time that we would be forgiven for the other nine. But here we are now with one of our errors dangling in front of our face so persistently that we will have to do something about it. It is the error we made about the *Pine Cone* costing only 10 cents a year because of its subscription clubbing offer with five magazines. We have been conclusively shown that we were wrong. Ransald Cockburn has brought us a letter from a magazine agent which proves that we were wrong. Under the offer it makes, the *Pine Cone* gets its regular rate for an annual subscription. We had said we would apologize if Ranney could produce the evidence of our error. He has and we do.

CARMEL HAD BETTER SIT UP AND CONSIDER ITS JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

Here's one thing that smug, complacent, self-satisfied Carmel had better sit up and take a long, concentrated look at, and then do something about, and do it quick.

It's the matter of juvenile delinquency in our otherwise beautiful village.

If you think it isn't a subject for deep consideration and considerable concern, just back one Robert Norton, chief of police, off into a corner and put a few pertinent questions to him. He'll tell you, and even if you discount fifty per cent the characteristic Bob Norton trait of dramatizing his job, you'll go away more worried than you've been since the middle of the depression and you'll be, or you ought to be, mightily ashamed of yourself.

Because it's your fault and it's been your fault for a long, long time. You expect your children to grow up in this Carmel environment of apparent ease and contentment; and take care of themselves as well, or not any less disastrously than you do, you mature human beings with faculties for getting out of messes born of experience which the young people have not had.

It's your fault because you have thought that home fires, books, nice clothing, good food, and your companionship are enough. Necessary, yes, but not enough. Adolescence has ever been a problem for the sages and even the sage isn't walking Ocean avenue to an extent that crowds the sidewalk.

What the boys and girls of Carmel need, what they must have if you are to meet a situation that has reached a point far beyond your common knowledge, is recreation, recreation on a big scale, not in spots, not in a couple of measly tennis courts somewhere up in the woods, but recreation where hundreds and hundreds may gather together to work off an energy that

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CARMEL CYMBAL

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CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • FEBRUARY 26, 1937

5 CENTS

Staniford Building Slated To Vanish

COZZENS GAVE APPROVAL TO SYSTEM NOW ON FILE

Carmel doesn't need to expend money for a preliminary plan to handle its present drainage problem.

The comprehensive system, worked out by L. E. Gottfried and George Seideneck in 1931, and now on file in the city clerk's office, together with a map of the proposed plan, are available for present use.

Those who were responsible for the drafting of the plan at that time, and the engineer and artist who worked it out, are of the opinion that it would solve the present problem. According to Gottfried, there is no reason why the system he and Seideneck evolved after months of study would not fit in with the present plan of the city council to relieve the property damage now being caused by flood waters.

"I believe the 1931 plan would meet the present needs and those for an unlimited time in the future," Gottfried said yesterday. "We worked out a complete system for draining all sections of the city and for the disposal through an open concrete ditch along the Carmelo road to the mouth of the river. The trouble which has caused

(Continued on Page Seven)

Robinson Jeffers Writes New Book

Robinson Jeffers has a new book of poetry on the fall list of Random House. Its title is "Such Counsels You Have Given Me." It is the first one since "Solstice and Other Poems," published two years ago.

In correspondence with his publishers about the \$2500 Book-of-the-Month Club award, which the poet received, he wrote that with his twin sons in the University of California the prize money will help pay a mountain of tuition bills.

MALCOLM MACBETH TO MOVE TO HIS NEW BUILDING

Malcolm Macbeth, one of Carmel's more extraordinary tradesmen, who lends the latest books to you and sells draperies, furniture and bagatelles to your house, is going to move. He has decided that the perfectly good building he recently bought from Helen Wilson would be a squiffy place for his unique establishment. So there he will go, down on the Court of the Golden Bough, books, furniture, draperies, Linda Rooke-Ley and all.

A Pertinent Comment by Allen Griffin And a Nifty Reply from The Cymbal

(From Allen Griffin's Column in Monterey Peninsula Herald, February 18, 1937)

"There seems to be something of an argument between the entertaining Carmel Cymbal and the well established Carmel Pine Cone about the matter of paid circulation in Carmel.

"The Herald does not like to inject itself into disputes over the back-fences of its neighbors; but the Pine Cone was a little gratuitous in a recent issue in stating that its circulation (presumably in Carmel) exceeds that of any 'outside' newspaper circulated in Carmel.

"It happens that the strictly Carmel, delivered-to-the-home, net paid (each month, or by the quarter, half-year, or year in advance) by The Herald is steadily in excess of 500, is today exactly 550.

"Inclusive of news-stands sales, Herald paid-for circulation exclusively in Carmel today is 612—and that is a winter average, except that the average continues to grow.

"Loose and inaccurate statements about circulation are discreditable to newspaper integrity and to publishers, and are dishonest in dealing with advertisers. Advertisers don't buy space; they buy circulation.

"In the event of arguments about circulation, the best way at any time to settle them is to have an audit made by a certified public accountant. If the Carmel papers want an accountant to audit their circulation and that of The Monterey Peninsula Herald (in whole or only affecting its local Carmel circulation), The Herald will be very pleased to let the Carmel papers name any local auditor. The Herald will pay the bill and publish the results. That would make it cheap for all but The Herald, educational for advertisers, and profitable to whomever it profits.

"Incidentally, The Monterey Peninsula Herald has the lowest advertising rates per each thousand of net paid circulation of any newspaper between San Jose and Santa Barbara in the central coast counties."

PLANNERS SEEK TO PREVENT BILLBOARDS ON HIGHWAYS

The Monterey County Planning commission has done as much as it can to prevent billboards in the commercial zones along the Salinas-Monterey and the Carmel-San Simeon Highways. It definitely told the billboard people at a hearing Wednesday in Salinas that billboards will not be permitted. Now it is up to the board of supervisors which meets Monday and before which will appear M. Paul McCarron of the Foster & Kleiser billboard company.

Thank you, Mr. Griffin, we'd be delighted.

The "entertaining Cymbal," as you call it, will welcome any auditor you may select, to check up on our paid circulation books and broadcast the result far and wide.

You may have noticed, or have you? that THE CYMBAL is particularly proud of its net paid circulation total. We still say the thing is unprecedented. Even your auditor, foreign as any degree of sentiment is to an auditor, will admit that the situation is unprecedented. Here we are, an infant, you might say, in our present reincarnation, and we have in paid subscriptions in the Carmel district twice the total paid subscriptions in the same district of any other Carmel newspaper and many more than the combined paid subscriptions of the other two. And one of these others has been in existence 22 years and the other 5 or more.

Now, as for your justifiable pride in the Peninsula Herald. We like it. We can't say we think so all-fired much of the Herald, outside of your own column, but we like your pride in it. We like this new boastful side of your nature, a side you have rather kept hidden from your public. But, again, we can't see that you have so all-fired much to be boastful about when it comes to your circulation in the Carmel district. Your volume number reads in Roman: XLVII. That, as I figure my Roman, is 47. Forty-seven years then has the Herald been working up its circulation over here, and the total is 550.

Shucks, Allen, that ain't much! Not much for 47 years of effort. Now, take us since last December 4. We've worked our paid circulation up in that space of time (just a snap of one's fingers, you might say, in comparison to your long life and struggle), to a total of 333, or, counting the newsstand sales, 422. By the time we've lived one-tenth as long as your Herald we'll be up in the millions at that rate.

Now, another thing, and this is an important thing. Total circulation

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NEW BUSINESS BLOCK FOR FIVE STORES PLAN OF LEIDIGS

If, returning from afar, the sight of Staniford's corner means Carmel to you, the chances are that before long you will have to find a new mark by which to identify home.

There is every indication that not many moons will wax and wane before the old building that houses Doc and his apothecary shop will have gone where old buildings eventually go—into fireplaces.

Fred and Clara Leidig have about decided to build a modern business block on their San Carlos and Ocean avenue property. They have not definitely decided beyond the matter of seeking estimates and sketching preliminary plans, but Fred admits that unless the cost of building material continues to soar beyond the range of the naked eye, the new building will be a matter of a few months, probably erected and sandpapered off by the fall of the year.

At present the plans are for a one-story business structure to house three stores on the 50-foot Ocean avenue frontage and two on the 80-foot San Carlos street frontage. Of course, the present tenants are to be given first call on the new stores and will be given ample time to seek temporary quarters pending

(Continued on Page Eight)

William Saroyan, And Joe Danysh Blow Into Town

Bill Saroyan, who did, or didn't, do something about the dizzy young man on the flying trapeze, and Joe Danysh, head of the PWA art project, blew into town yesterday. They blew in principally because they were escorted by one Libby Ley and when you're in tow of Libby your progress is on the blow variety.

Bill didn't stay long because he said he had to get back to his typewriter to tear off some more scenarios on a concerted demand of Hollywood. But that's probably off-side as to truth as you can't believe a word this Saroyan person says, and little that he writes.

As for Danysh, he brought down with him the design to go over the fireplace in Carmel's new firehouse. However, neither Bernard Rowntree nor Birney Adams have seen it yet, so whether or not it will go over the fireplace is a matter of conjecture.

otherwise finds its outlet in disaster and shame.

What Carmel needs specifically is a gathering point for Carmel boys and girls, where they are all thrown together in the accomplishment of community play, play that will send them dragging home to dinner and make it both mentally and physically difficult for them to drag themselves out again after dark.

You've got a juvenile delinquency situation here in Carmel that must be confronted by deliberate, concerted effort on your part as a combined citizenry facing a common enemy. You, individually, may look at your healthy, clear-eyed boy or girl in his or her early teens and say to yourself comfortably that we're not talking to you. But there are more than even chances that you'll wake up some morning and discover that we have been talking to you.

THE CYMBAL, a year and a half ago, believed it had the answer, or a big part of the answer. It still believes it has. It still believes that nothing could meet the present situation better or with more chance of continued value, than a big swimming pool, down on the sand dunes, with heated water, protected from the cold breezes from the sea by a glass windbreak.

The cost? What about the cost? What's the price of keeping your boy or girl off the rocks? What's the price, for that matter, of keeping your neighbor's boy or girl off the rocks? But, if you must consider cost, consider also return, not alone in saving boys and girls, but at the so-called box office. A ten-cent fee at a big swimming pool that could be used, under our plan, almost every week in the year, would more than pay for itself.

As for protests of near-by property owners, principally childless property owners, ignore them, ignore them completely. The value of a couple of blocks of real estate has no standing in this court where the heart and soul of your child pleads before the bar.

POLICE AND FIRE SHOULD BE UNDER ONE HEAD IN CITY COUNCIL

When a year and a half ago, James H. Thoburn, then mayor, insisted on taking the commissioner-ship of police and fire from one man and dividing it between two, THE CYMBAL protested the move. It was done for what at the time might have been considered good and political reasons. But whether or no, the move was a bad one, and it has been so proved. Now you have a fire commissioner and a police commissioner who have nothing at all in common as far as the welfare of the citizens of this city is concerned. In reply to our recent severe criticism of those two commissioners in their treatment of a communication from the officers of the fire department, it has been lamely explained that Councilman Rowntree, fire commissioner, wished no discussion of the communication because Councilman Burge, police commissioner, would pounce on any proposal to benefit the firemen.

But lame or not, the ground for it was certainly there, is still certainly there. There is bad blood between the two departments, perhaps not among their personnel, but surely between their respective heads.

This is precisely to the disadvantage of both the police and fire departments. As matters stand, the police department doesn't need much sympathy, it literally rolling in wealth provided by the taxpayers. But the fire department does need considerable consideration and it is not getting it, and will not get

it under the present set-up.

The present set-up never should have been possible. The matter of public safety should logically be under one head on the city council. Police and fire should logically be under one commissioner as they were originally—as they were before Thoburn, then Mayor, decided on dividing them to spike political maneuvering. Not until they are so placed will we get anywhere in the matter of adequate and efficient fire protection in Carmel.

It is time the citizens of Carmel did something about it.

—W. K. B.

WHITE CAPS

ON THE RADIO WAVES

KGO—This morning at 11 o'clock, Walter Damrosch.

KSFO—Tonight at 7 o'clock, the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra with Ormondy conducting a half hour of classic music.

KPO—Tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock, Abram Chasins, composer and pianist of note, will present a 30-minute interlude of piano analysis and interpretation of classic pianoforte.

KSFO—Tomorrow morning at 10:45, Otto Klemperer conducts the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra. By popular subscription they have started a Beethoven series.

KGO—Tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock, the Metropolitan Opera presents Lily Pons in "Lucia di Lammermoor."

KSFO—Tomorrow afternoon at 5 o'clock, the Columbia Workshop.

KSFO—Sunday at 12 o'clock noon, Rodjinski will conduct the New York Philharmonic. Rodjinski was formerly the conductor of the Cleveland Symphony and will remain with the New York Philharmonic for the rest of the season.

KPO—Sunday night at 7 o'clock, Percy Grainger, English composer and pianist, will conduct the General Motors Symphony, with the famous Schola Cantorum.

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TILLY POLAK GOING TO LOOK AT ZUYDER ZEE

Next Monday Tilly Polak and Katherine Kirk depart our midst. They are going to Europe. Mrs. Kirk is probably going to see and enjoy several things. All we can learn from Miss Polak is that she is interested in determining by personal observation whether or not the Zuyder Zee is still in Holland.

We did learn where and by what route the two are going. At San Francisco they will board the Norwegian Inter-Ocean liner *Berganger* and on it they will go through the Panama Canal and straight across to Havre, 22 days out of the Golden Gate.

Thence to Brittany, to Normandy, to Marseilles, to the French provinces and to Paris where will be the International Exposition. Nothing so far will have interested Miss Polak—but from Paris it will be the Zuyder Zee and her special excitement.

They will return by way of New York and cross country to be back in our pine forest by June. There will be nothing to interest Miss Polak between the Zuyder Zee and how Anne Nash has dressed the Tilly Polak window for June and the tour.

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Dorothy Morris, cousin of Marian Boke Todd, was a week-end guest at the Boke home. She lives in San Francisco.

CARMEL CAPERS

Add to Myron's column on the quaint habits of certain literati: We do some of our finest creative work in bed and with our hair in curlers. "Art for Art's sake," we always say, if we may be permitted to coin a phrase.

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Macbeth, big local real estate shark, back from Hollywood and looking over so Bond Street, walked into Bud Walker's liquor shop. Says Bud: "Why, Mac! You have a suit on!" It's just remarks like this that give Carmel its bad name.

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The great Carmel sport called "Going-to-get-the-mail" is truly an adventure. In one morning's trek to the post office, we encountered Myron Brinig and Marie Short making valiant efforts to persuade their respective (if not respectfully) dachshunds that what with one thing and another, and when one duly considers modern methods, their amours could be well restrained to the confines of the station wagon.

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Also saw Ray Burns harvesting some of his copper locks in the shop of a neighboring tonsorial artist. They say he has contracted some of the vast project out to a barber's local.

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There have been many gratifying comments on our ornithological notes, clamorings, in fact, for more and even better scientific information. All of which goes to show that the oldsters are wrong; there is, among our flaming youth, an element which does appreciate things instructive and worth while, and to them, we say, unreservedly, we saw the first harbinger of spring the other day, yes, children, a robin bed rest! A lovely little creature with a hurt look in his eyes like that of a startled fawn or a lady (a perfect lady) caught taking a bath.

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There are two forms of the dominic, the silent and the yodeling, and we don't like either of them. But we scientists are broadminded and willing to admit that our personal aversions mean little, or practically nothing.

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Never was a community so favored in its lush flora and fauna. We feel that we must devote ourselves to an especial study of their many manifestations and shall do so as soon as we arrive at a practical understanding as to which is which, and even, possibly, why.

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Your columnist was granted an excellent opportunity by Judge Ross to spend three days in the peaceful seclusion of the Salinas jail. We admit to having been strongly tempted to accept, as we can conceive of nothing more soothing to our jaded nerves and appetites than the Salinas jail. And think of the people we'd meet! It is a matter of accepted fact that all of our best people spend the greater part of their lives behind bars of one kind or another. But did we succumb? No, we pulled ourselves together just in time to remember our obligations toward our beloved Carmel and paid ten bucks toward the betterment of this fair community. Anyone wishing to contribute toward the erection of a statue of us in the public square, should do so as soon as possible.

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Since our regrettable tiff with the police, we have taken to scorching, in a serious way, on a bicycle.

We find this both beneficial to our hips, which had assumed the proportions of a national menace, and also, if we are to give credence to the many aspersions cast upon our driving ability, to local life and limb.

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With the deep interests of our large and devoted public at heart, and to the best of our abilities, it is, and has ever been our sole ambition and our sacred trust to present in these hallowed columns what appears to us to be the simple if unwelcome truth.

Nor are we weakly to be dissuaded from the paths of our duty by the pleas of a certain element whose ignoble desire is hypocritically to whitewash the unsavoury characters of their friends.

The following letter is a typical example of the ungrateful and unjust criticism which makes our goal of journalistic veracity the heavy cross it is our lot staunchly to sustain:

Manhattan Beach,
February 15, 1937

Dear Sir or Madam:

What with Europe an armed camp, the Far East a powder magazine, the Middle West a watery waste, Spain a bloody shambles, and our industrial system crippled by strikes, your column has been the one stabilizing influence that has enabled me to keep my faith in human nature in spite of the impending collapse of civilization. In the midst of the seething turmoil of forces that threaten the purity of the home and the sanctity of the fireside the simple truths and stalwart faith embodied in your column in the CARMEL CYMBAL has never failed to give me strength to carry on.

For this reason it was with an especial shock that I read the scurrilous attack on my good friend, Mr. Pete Conlon, in your issue of February 12. You made the scandalous assertion that Mr. Conlon had been and was frequently being seen asleep in a local cinema.

To me this appears to be a deliberate and libelous falsehood in an attempt to make Mr. Conlon the butt of the sidewalk and drugstore comedians that infest Carmel. Such low attacks on those in high places are unworthy of you—it is typical of those human moths who bore from within the fabric of our social structure, pretending meanwhile that they only wish to let in the light. Then let us have light.

The truth is that Mr. Conlon was with me over a period of some little time previous to the February 12 edition of your column. He had not been sleeping in motion picture houses as you falsely report. He was with me visiting a matron prominent in the social life of Cannery Row. As a matter of fact we were her house guests. Owing to the social position of our hostess I shall not mention her name.

If this explanation is not printed, with a retraction of your allegations about Mr. Conlon's nocturnal siestas, I shall ask my friend from whom I regularly borrow the CARMEL CYMBAL to persuade her husband to cancel his subscription forthwith.

BIDDLE DORCY

Mrs. Leslie Wulff, well known to Carmel as an artist, and student of Arthur Hill Gilbert, was in town with her daughter Elizabeth for the holiday. Mrs. Wulff will exhibit at Whittier College next week.

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Cost of Monterey Police Compared With Carmel's

What price an adequate police department?

Here are the figures on Monterey, as compared with those of Carmel.

Here are the figures for a city about three times our size in population, a good twice our size in area, with ten times our business district, with more than ten times our hard liquor tap rooms, with a small army of sometimes playful soldiers in its midst.

Here are the figures for a city with police problems we haven't a vestige of—mixed population, on a main highway, on a railroad, with a deep water harbor, a gambling district, at least two so-called tenderloin districts.

Here are the figures for a city which has, in face of the foregoing, a little more than twice the police personnel Carmel has, when you count our desk sergeant and the night watchman for the stores.

Here are the Monterey figures for the fiscal year, 1935-36:

Salaries	\$18,770.00
Gasoline and oil	680.95
Maintenance and upkeep	2,952.99*

Total

*Part of this maintenance and upkeep goes to taking care of a jail which Carmel has not.

Now, the total cost of Carmel's four-man department, NOT including the tax collector, who serves as desk sergeant, and NOT including D. E. Nixon, the night watchman, who is paid by the merchants, was for 1936, \$9,648.47. This is a little less than half the cost of police protection in Monterey.

Now look above and read again the size of Monterey and, especially, the police problems in Monterey as against those of Carmel.

Doesn't the comparison make the police costs in Carmel a bit ridiculous, a bit absurd?

Next week we will give the police costs in two or three cities about the same size as Carmel in population, but with police protection problems we here wot not of.

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MIXING DOUGH WITH BRIGHT NEW CADILLACS; SHOOTING DUCKS WITH LIGHT BEAMS

There are two novel things on Dolores street or, rather, somewhat back of the property line on Dolores street. One is a streamline dough mix with a bumper on the front of it like a Packard or a new Ford, and the other is a shooting gallery in which you shoot a beam of light instead of a bullet. One is in Mr. Wishart's Dolores bakery and the other in Mr. Haller's cigarette and magazine shop, high-hattedly called El Fumidor.

If you want the statistics about the dough mixer go in and ask Doris to let you look at it and hear her father tell you what it's all about. All we could understand was that it's about all right and the very last word in sanitary and perfect dough mixing.

If you want to know about shooting ducks with a light beam go into El Fumidor and put a nickel in the slot. You get 30 whole light beams for one nickel, and if you are as good as Ranney Cockburn you'll get about 26 ducks with your 30 shots. You probably won't because who could be as good as Ranney? Certainly not us. Our high score was eight.

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When you patronize our advertisers it would be ducky if you would say: 'I saw it in The Cymbal.'

Major Kneass and Lieut. Flanders May Stage Grandfather Duel

There's a Paul Flanders-Major Bill Kneass feud and innocent bystanders on Ocean avenue had better duck when the shooting starts.

THE CYMBAL long ago adopted a hands-off policy in regard to feuds, but if the major runs his sword through the lieutenant at their next encounter Paul won't get any editorial commiseration from us. We feel he rather put one over on the major.

It has to do with grandfathers and Legion club dinners. You see, the other day—about a week ago, we are informed—the major and the lieutenant were talking about the present policy of the ancient Peruvians and the major dropped the information that within a short time, perhaps a month, he was to become a grandfather. Paul jumped a bit at this, but suddenly took command of himself, as the major went on and suggested that it would be a fine thing if the Legion club gave a dinner to the first member who became a grandfather.

Paul said he thought it was a grand idea; offered, in fact, to sort of organize it. They parted with

the dinner idea practically settled.

Then came last Saturday, and she who was Miss Alicia Flanders, and is now Mrs. Stephen Plunkett, became the mother of an eight-pound boy in Mt. Zion Hospital, San Francisco.

Paul received the news happily, but with silence.

Came yesterday and Major William E. Kneass started looking for Lieutenant Paul Flanders. He had had news from Denver. Earlier than he had expected, but all the better. He found Lieutenant Flanders and informed him that the dinner could be served; that Mrs. Gaylord Chase, better known in Carmel as Betty Chase, who was Betty Kneass, had become on Wednesday the mother of a bouncing boy.

"It needn't be a big dinner," the major modestly said.

"I don't care how big it is," replied the lieutenant, "I won't have to pay for any of it; I'll eat it."

He then explained how last Saturday has an edge on this Wednesday.

The major departed, thinking about it, and he's thought himself up into a feud.

Ask Louis Slevin About Lady and Sulphur Bath

There's a sign on a rough fence about 40 miles down the coast and about 100 feet above the low tide line of the Pacific Ocean which reads: "Keep Out. Mrs. Sludgeon taking a bath."

Some few steps by winding path below this sign are two bath tubs, regulation porcelain bath tubs. In one of them will probably be Mrs. Sludgeon.

This is no laughing matter. It's serious and it's true. If you don't believe THE CYMBAL (and how could you not believe THE CYMBAL?) just drop in on Louis S. Slevin, who recently opened a little stationery store on the south side of Ocean avenue midway between Lincoln and Dolores streets, and he will prove it to you.

He has a picture of the bath-tubs. No—Mrs. Sludgeon isn't in them—isn't in either one of them—not in the picture she isn't. But Louis took the picture, in defiance of the sign on the fence, and it is probable that Mrs. S. (Sludgeon, not Slevin) is hiding behind one of the tubs, or a rock, or something.

The place is called Slate's Rock on the map. The bathtubs, partially hidden behind some blankets draped on an improvised frame, are called Slate's Springs. And they are springs—real, hot sulphur springs, coming right out of the rocks and pouring, when Mrs. Sludgeon turns the rude wooden spouts in the right direction, right into one or both of the bathtubs.

You may still think we're spoofing, but cameras don't prevaricate—that is, Louis Slevin's doesn't—and he has the picture. He may have a picture of Mrs. Sludgeon taking her bath, but Mrs. Slevin was around when we were there, and he didn't show it to us.

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ROSS BURTON CALLED SOUTH BY ILLNESS OF HIS WIFE

Ross Burton, who for the past month or more has been Cymbaling about town, was suddenly called to Los Angeles this week by the illness of his wife, Marcella. There is a doubt that Ross will return to Carmel for some time, as one of his favorite jobs down there was re-offered to him the very day he got word of the illness of Mrs. Burton.

Carmel Property Assessments To Be Increased

Fourteen real estate brokers and salesmen of Carmel had lunch with County Assessor Walter R. Tavenetti at Normandy Inn in Carmel Wednesday to aid in his program for revising and equalizing tax assessments in the Carmel area. Many of those present offered to work with the county assessor in his efforts to conform with the new regulation of the State Board of Equalization which requires that all counties base their assessments on 50 per cent of the fair value of property instead of 40 per cent as heretofore.

The new assessments will be made as of March 1 of this year

and will be on the tax bills for the July, 1937, to July, 1938, period. When taxpayers discover that their bills are higher in most respects they are to understand that the increase is compelled by the State board, and that if the county assessor does not make the re-adjustment, the board itself will step in and make blanket increases which may not be as fair and equitable.

The meeting was held Wednesday for the purpose of arriving at the best means for fair adjustments to conform with the state regulation. Another meeting will be arranged for by Corum B. Jackson, deputy county assessor here, within a month, at which time it is expected that a definite program will be adopted.

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Read The Cymbal Ads.



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Mrs. Gwen Stearns was hostess at a cocktail party for 25 guests last Sunday.

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W. K. BASSETT, Editor

CIRCULATION STATEMENT

The bonafide paid circulation of
THE CYMBAL last week (issue of
February 19, 1937) was as follows:

PAID SUBSCRIBERS

Carmel District.....	333
Outside Carmel District.....	81
Newsstand Sales.....	89
Total.....	503
Gain over previous week.....	22

TEN YEARS AGO this week

From The Cymbal, February 23,
1927.

"Negotiations are pending," said THE CYMBAL, "and probably will be completed this week for the purchase by Miss Janet Prentiss, owner of the Cinderella Shop, of the Glassell Building on Ocean Avenue." And Miss Prentiss did buy it, but did not herself occupy the part she now has of it until some time later. Remember Steve Glassell? What he could show some of these local thespians in the thing called acting! And remember his deep humiliation when, in "Dulcy" at the Golden Bough, he forgot he had another entrance in an act and had his pants off in the dressing room when his cue came? Tad Stinson and Ruth Kuster were left alone on the stage. Ruth, a regular trouper, got out of it easily: "Guess I'll go look for Mr. Forbes," she said, and made a graceful exit. That left Tad alone before the audience, dumb, frantically trying to think of something to do. Finally, "I'll go, too," he cried, and stalked off, not so gracefully.

Robert Welles Ritchie was scheduled to appear before the Woman's Club Forum on some of his newspaper experiences. He did and the women were thrilled. He gave anecdotes, experiences and observations gathered from a varied career as newspaperman, correspondent, traveler and novelist.

Attractions listed for the Manzanita Theater for the week were "Exit Smiling," with Jack Pickford; "Taxi, Taxi," with Edward Everett Horton; "West of Broadway," with Priscilla Dean; "Almost a Lady," with Marie Prevost, and "Spangles," with Pat O'Malley and Marion Nixon.

You can subscribe for THE CYMBAL at our Ocean Avenue office—with The Carmel Investment Company, Ocean Avenue, south side, just west of San Carlos street. It's \$1 a year.

CLANGING CYMBALS

Quite definitely, we are about to give up resisting things. We had made up our somewhat tottery mind not to mention Spring—that overdose of glandular secretions. Not in print, at least. Lying wantonly on a warm hillside of late, we had some luscious thoughts, but we did succeed in spewing them out before they reached this keyboard. Even the sight of a lambing ewe down at the Grimes Ranch, and the ridiculous small potential roast legs struggling toward their first meal, shook not our resolve.

Of course, could we delve into those cavernous places where the dark dicta of our soul lies hid, we should probably find that all the time we were wishing for something to break us down. And on Sunday afternoon something did. It loomed black ahead of us in the middle of the road just as we were approaching the Point Lobos Gate, whence we were bound to exercise our dog. Directly in our path it was—and in the paths of what seemed a fair representation of the entire motor industry. A Scotty. Without regard for life or limb—rather, with a sublime unconsciousness of either in face of new horizons to transpire—he threaded his solitary way amongst the gasoline monsters with all the dignity and swank of one of the giddier models put out by Mr. Duesenberg. His short and sure hind legs and his short and uncertain tail boded all the mad adumbrations of adventure. His ears cocked ever this way and that, he displayed in every inch of him the hopes, the dreams and some of the more obvious desires of a dog on the loose.

Who were we to gainsay that giddy going? A Cadillac drew up on the other side of the road and invited him in. But he wasn't thumbing, for, with a polite sniff, he trotted on. The driver of a completely caved-in old Chevie seemed to promise more fun, but no. Alone he would pursue his hankering. With an equanimity born, we could easily discern, of Privilege, he ignored them all and their squawking horns and followed his gleaming nose.

Presently we disembarked, as had been our intent, and our dog, who had been following the course of the adventurous with, if anything, more interest than we, dashed out to greet him.

"Well met, old Chap," said our democratic mutt, addressing the wrong end of the stranger.

"Ah!" exclaimed the wanderer, after gathering data on the subject, "lately, I, too, reeked of Oriental rugs and plush bottoms. But just smell me now. I have met up with some crows. Rather dull folk, with the crudest kind of stink. But in these days one feels one must know something of the other orders. All this talk about the Average Dog, you know. And better conditions for bitches and pups." And he acquainted himself with the nearest post.

"If you would care to join me,"

our dog wagged. "I seem to feel the presence of wild meat. Gopher, I daresay."

"Aussitôt dit, aussitôt fait."

"You will pardon my long legs."

"Quite all right, sir. I shall browse, after a fashion of mine."

It was then that we allowed our squirrel cage soul to get the better of us. We looked at his collar. On it was inscribed this terse legend: "S. Fish."

About that slogan of the latest happy couple in the magazine world:

"See the World in
LIFE

Understand the world in
TIME"

It sounds like a lot of Kant to us.

"And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold."

Take last Monday—or, if, like us, you would prefer to leave last Monday alone, quite, quite alone—don't take it.

As usual, we had forgot The Father of Our Country and we started out early—and bright—to do our weekly stint. This time we had resolved to get at the bottom of The Game Cock racket. So, boldly striding, we entered Mrs. Yates' shop, only to discover that estimable woman alive with that common breed of insect known as The Tourist, or Tertium Quid. Presently Mrs. Yates emerged, or, rather, her picked-bare skeleton, dangling what remained of a once handsome scarf. "It's simply utter," yipped the disappearing Tourists, "But we're sure it wouldn't match if we had anything to match it to. What kind of dog?" "Half Black Widow," managed Mrs. Yates, expiring.

Next door, at the Blue Bird, we encountered a cluster of three, sitting belligerently at a table for eight, with their hands clutching their empty little bellies. Sammy Sampson had gently submitted that they might go somewhere else if they wished to avoid waiting. "No, sir. We've already waited in three other places and we've a right to wait here a while."

At the Corner Cupboard a Very Thin One was looking for a Duck Billed Platypus. She collected them. In Malachite.

The Fraser Looms had to be anchored down. "Ve come to see how dey voik," a Drone of the species said to Mrs. Fraser. "I'm sorry. We do not demonstrate." "You do not what?" "Evacuate, evacuate," Mrs. Fraser advised spiritedly.

Mr. Claywell had sold an eighteen-dollar back scratcher. It seemed to have broken the back of his personal depression.

"What is this pewter platter for?" someone asked Miss Tilly Polak.

"You sit on it."
We fled to Schmitty, president of the Bartender's Local, No. 483. He was helping Ernie at Whitney's.

TECHAU INN

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TWO MILES FROM MONTEREY ON THE
LEFT SIDE OF CASTROVILLE HIGHWAY

Local 483 is Carmel and Monterey. Not Pacific Grove. Ernie is a member, too. But he hasn't got a button. Oh, some old tag ends of buttons.

There was Bill MacAdam, successfully mingling with the hot as well as the polloi. Bill, there's a line about you in Aldous Huxley—"Remember, you're a chemical compound, not an element."

Mr. Slevin gazed out at the procession and remembered a day in 1904 when, as postmaster, he was approached by a salesman with lockboxes. They came in strips of eight. Mr. Slevin said it was ridiculous. You could never sell eight boxes in Carmel.

Six Pieces of Gold.

Exactly forty years ago as your CYMBAL went to press last night, with us at the helm of the Addressograph, a nineteen-year-old girl got up from supper with a pain in her back. Her mother had been watching her a little. She had dropped her fork twice. Her mother said, Agnes, let's make that mincemeat tonight. Young Agnes of the brown hair and small freckles looked up in surprise, but said nothing. She took an empty milk pan and went down cellar after the apples. Coming back up the steep stairs, she had another pain. Sharper. She nearly dropped the kerosene lamp. This time her mother said casually to her father; Pa, you'd better hitch up Godey. It'll be a long drive in this blizzard.

With a warm muffler around his neck and a furrow of concern on his usually placid face, Pa put on his mittens and started on the seven-mile ride to town. Young Agnes's young husband came in from the barn looking wild. Now don't you be carryin' on, young man, said Ma. Here, you help us with these apples. I declare! how it blows.

The wind wound around and around the old red farmhouse in the Mink Hills. The limbs of two ancient maples groaned in it as if they, too, were in labor. Every now and then someone got up and put a stick of wood on the fire; or dipped a dipper of water out of the cistern in the corner; or put a pan of apple peelings into the swill pail.

You'll feel better if you walk a mite, Ma said, noting the trembling fingers and drawn mouth. You and Albyn go in and get the front room ready. See there's a good fire. And holler if you feel like it. It's good for a body to scream right out loud once in a while.

The washboiler was put on the kitchen stove for plenty of hot water. Carefully, a row of softest flannel things, fashioned with infinitely delicate stitchings, was laid out on the scrubbed kitchen table. The foot tub was put on the back of the stove, warming for the first bath. Now and again a moan that was

not the wind, mingled with it in the night.

After all the little things were accomplished, the mincemeat was resumed. Sometimes Young Agnes walked around and finally Ma put her to bed. About three o'clock the bells of two sleighs were heard and Pa and the new Doctor came in. Pa's sideburns were stiff with icicles. The doctor went into the front room and placed a big assuring hand on the place where the tumult was going on inside Young Agnes.

Mr. Goodwin, he said, I think we have just about time to look at that horse.

A few hours later, the young doctor rose from his coffee drinking and went in to take a look at his patients before going back to Henninger. He found Young Agnes awake. She was half crying with mirth. I do believe she was born laughing, doctor, she said.

Then, as he turned to go, she said, Could you please hand me that cracker jar over there?

In the bottom of the cracker jar was a new-minted twenty-dollar gold piece.

During her life, she saved six of them. Six times the cracker jar was stuffed with dimes and pennies and quarters while the nine months passed. She would begin, one morning, saving out a few eggs to sell, herself. Or a chicken. Or she would offer to do a bit of sewing for a neighbor. Prizes for her canning and her quilts and her colts were gathered in at the County Fair. Two dollars from the Christian Herald for some verses. Hoghead cheese or glistening pats of butter from her churn. When she was ready, she transmuted them, as by the very alchemy of her joy, into the only substance worthy of her event.

When she died, we found the dusty cracker jar in the far top corner of the dishcupboard. In it were three dollars and seventy-eight cents.

—LYNDA SARGENT

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DOG DAYS—AND NIGHTS

Edited by Jessie Joan Brown



Not to be outdone by the New York florist who erected an evergreen tree in front of his Park avenue shop to "provide a shelter for dogs in need of rest," E. H. Ewig has put up a hitching post in front of his shop on Ocean avenue.

Chief Kneass, the first dog to be "hitched," dejectedly remarked that it wasn't his idea of a dog's life.

(Incidentally, it was THE CYMBAL that was first to suggest these convenient parking posts for dogs since the ordinance prohibiting them from shopping with their masters.)

A problem pup of a sort is Patsy Rendtorff. Patsy, it seems, is so extremely fond of her mistress, Miss Gertrude Rendtorff, that she doesn't want her to go away for even a few hours. So she hides her mistress's driving gloves because she has discovered that Miss Rendtorff never drives without them. But, much to the inconvenience of the entire Rendtorff family, all gloves look alike to Patsy and she indiscriminately buries any gloves she finds, but obligingly digs them up, very often a little worse for wear.

Friends of Blue Clark are glad to see him out and about the village once again. Blue was hit by a car while he was engaged in a friendly combat with one of the boys, and has spent the past few weeks recuperating at the home of his master, Kelly Clark.

Not unlike the immortal romance of Pyramis and Thisbe is that of Buck Casanova Lawrence and the Young Lady who lives at the corner. The Young Lady's mistress doesn't approve of Buck and will not receive him. She even pulls the blind on the French door, so that he can't see into the Young Lady's house, but, fortunately for Buck, the blind isn't quite long enough to reach to the bottom of the door. So the enamored Buck sits outside and gazes soulfully under the blind while the Young Lady peeks coyly out at him.

One of the most amusing incidents of the week-end was when seventy-pound Baron McGahey, ferocious-looking English bull, fled in terror when four-and-a-half pound Mitzie Goodwin, a shrewish fox-terrier, made a flying leap at his nose. Both were visitors from out of town.

Gerri drei Eicheln, victim of a hit-and-run driver, is recovering from shock and a slight head injury at the home of his mistress, Miss Elaine Carter. The poor little fellow was struck by an unidentified driver and was left in an unconscious condition as the car sped away without stopping.

COMMENT:

A number of the local examples of decorum are wondering whether or no the Del Monte Dog Show committee will take up the new Eastern fashion of judging on "behavior" as well as body-points.

Carmel's own private, rainfall for the season up to midnight last night was 20.02 inches as against 16.35 for the season to date last year. This is a lot of rainfall and you may have noticed it falling.

By Ford and Ruth Austin Are So Married

Byington Ford and Ruth Austin certainly know that they are married and that a goodly portion of the town thinks a lot of them.

After an airplane flight and a wedding ceremony at Reno last Sunday they may have had the idea that they could return to Carmel and settle down. It was a mistaken idea.

Tuesday night proved just how wrong they could be. Celebration descended upon their domicile at Eleventh and Carmelo streets, descended to the rattle of drums and the blare of trumpets, descended in fact to the march of heavy feet and the purr of gasoline engines under various and sundry hoods.

The thing had been concocted by that energetic Conrad Imelman, who pleaded with us not to mention his name, but the truth is he did a fine job and his helpers insist we give him credit.

To say nothing of Allen Knight and some sort of a band he organized without consideration of the relative value of instruments.

From the Ford-Austin home the procession moved along Carmelo to Ocean avenue, By and Ruth, stuck precariously on the rear of what was actually a donkey cart, with donkeys and everything. They were preceded by Knight's heterogeneous band and directly followed by a truck which kept its good headlights on the huddled couple.

Thence to the American Legion clubrooms, and the bride was lifted to the bar, entirely hiding the cash register. From then on—but why go from then on?

The highlight of the evening was the interview by one of the many members of the CYMBAL staff:

"Pardon me, Mr. Ford, have you known your bride long, or was this one of those two souls suddenly coming face to face and reading life's answer in each other's eyes?"

Nathan Milstein Came to Carmel

The impertinence of words is often bitterly clear. I have been asked to say here something about Nathan Milstein. This is to approach the direct phenomenon of a man's essential, profound gift with the poor and wayward device of speech. The tears I saw, and shed, the other night were worthier than dictionaries, and the trembling than a thesaurus in all its possible arrangements. I saw a man who has not cut his spiritual cuticle in this generation, open his pores and breathe. A woman said, I am alive. And the embarrassed asking of that embarrassed old question, Who is this man? presented everywhere the quality of wonder in its simplest terms. I doubt that there was a man or woman present who did not feel at some moments during the evening—moments peculiar to himself—clearer, less encumbered, than he had felt in many a day. "It is pleasant to be straightforward, as it is to be clean." Mr. Milstein's great honor is that he is straightforward with his indubitable gift.

Our own office is to recognize and respond, directly, unashamedly, without the dubious benefit of words.

June McCurdy of Beverly Hills has been elected editor of the school newspaper, *The Forest Wind*, for the spring semester. She has chosen for her assistants, Thomasina Mix, Francis Topping, and Doris Crossman.

POET & PEASANT

by FRANCIS L. LLOYD

Once upon a time, in Carmel, when an author sold a story, grocery bills were paid and an abalone feed on The Point was in order. Now, when the stock market takes a dive, there are moans among the pines that almost drown out the beating of the surf on the weed-clad rocks of Abalone Point.

Collective bargaining is nothing new on Monterey's colorful fish wharf. There the Market Fishermen's Union and owners of markets on the wharf have met for years to decide prices, each sending a few delegates with the usual instructions. Is it necessary to say that the fishermen usually want the prices upped, while the buyers growl they are being put out of business? In the end it is the buyer, however, who has a nice new car.

And speaking of fishing, Japanese floating canneries are extending their activities into Alaskan waters, where they will exploit the famous American salmon runs of the north. Of course, they observe the laws and operate only beyond the three-mile limit as do our floating sardine reduction plants. Their great gill net operations now threaten the valuable Bristol Bay fisheries, carefully guarded by U. S. fish wardens. Formerly the Japanese confined their operations to the "Kamchatka" deep-water spiny crabs. Let's send some of our tuna clippers to Japanese waters and see what happens.

Barbara Blackman O'Neil, formerly of Carmel, has had a second fling at Hollywood and this time with more success. She is to have a small role with Katherine Hepburn in "Jane Eyre." She is the daughter of David O'Neil, poet, and niece of George O'Neil, writer. She has acted on the Forest Theater stage in several performances, and subsequently in New York.

The Kusters are very proud of their big "Golden Bough" sign on Sutter street, just off Van Ness, in San Francisco. Gay Kuster says it can be seen for six blocks. Ted's latest enterprise includes the theatre, several studios, and the office of the San Francisco Gilbert and Sullivan group. Incidentally, Carmel may lose the Kusters, as they hope to make their home in Burlingame, nearer to work, but they promise to return here to stage a production at the Forest Theater each summer.

More than one person of Spanish origin on this peninsula has, or rather had, relatives in war-torn Spain. A Basque from Bilbao told us he had not heard from his family for six months and believed them all dead. Civil war is one of mankind's diseases. When visitors from Spain came to Monterey to speak on the troubles at home, they were well received and Carmel was largely represented in the hundreds who welcomed them at Monterey High School this week.

Workingmen today are minding their p's and q's. Now on the job they chide one another for saying "ain't," for double negatives and perhaps now and then something like "don't no-how touch none of them there things." Our adult education program is to blame, and the boys blame the funny papers and the radio for much of their bad diction, even the books and magazines. Is even our language to lose its color through regimentation?

And if the vogue for the "king's English" holds sway, we'll all soon talk like Cockneys. Yes?

Swing of the Pendulum."

Inheriting from an uncle a business building in Denver is the trouble that has taken Jack Gilbert away from Carmel and left his wife and children temporarily without a husband and father. Now that's what we call serious trouble, too. It seems the building had to have its face lifted or the Elks, one of the tenants, would leave.

Really lovely!

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SMALL, SQUARE

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DRAWER AD, CARMEL
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If "The Fool" Harvests One Christian For the Church the Price Is Dear

To say that "The Fool," presented last Friday night at Sunset Auditorium by a local cast, was a smooth and finished production would be highly unfair to those who have appeared in scores of plays which have set a high standard for Carmel amateur dramatics. It cannot honestly be said by anyone who saw "The Fool" that it measured up in any way to the Carmel reputation for this sort of thing. There was some good acting, none outstanding and a lot that was very poor.

Since last Friday night a dozen persons have spoken to me about the play and in almost every instance it was clear that I was being appealed to for kind words in this so-called review. There was no necessity for this. I have kind words. I have the kindest words for the quite evident conscientiousness and tireless efforts of the 32 members of that cast who did their utmost to make the play a success. I have the deepest sympathy for those who gave their time and thought to an attempt to do a play that is far beyond the powers of amateur actors. If there was one thing that stood out from the very beginning last Friday night in the Sunset Auditorium, it was that Channing Pollock's "The Fool" should never have been selected as a vehicle for amateurs. It depends far too much on what is known backstage as "business" to be possible to unprofessional actors or to amateurs who have not been given months and months of training. That it went as well as it did is tribute enough to the producers, the directors and the cast.

There were several indications that, given a simpler play and a smaller and more intimate cast, some of the principals could provide us not only with more entertainment, as they certainly did Friday night, but with moving drama. There were many instances of dramatic talent in "The Fool," not in every case sustained throughout, but evidence enough of capabilities which, provided with the opportunity, could thrill us.

If I had the difficult job of bestowing laurels I would place the two best ones on the brows of Franklin Dixon and Ross Miller for giving us the most consistent and sustained performances. If I had a "special mention" one, redolent with her favorite fragrance, I would lay it reverently on the head of Mary Marble Henderson and, if Mort were not within eye-shot, I would kiss her, too, or I would try. (I have a special weakness there.) Shot into that dramatic maelstrom only a week before the play was to appear in public, Mary did unexpectedly well, and in one instance, where she faces the lady who walked in darkness on Sixth avenue, she did beautifully.

Zahrah Lee Koepp, of course, stood on two good legs at the final curtain, and earned her way to the place the finale gave her by handling an exacting and strenuous part admirably.

My criticism of Billy Sheppard should possibly be divided between him and those who directed him. I have seen Billy in so many roles, beautifully acted, that I cannot believe he was solely to blame for doing his job Friday night so poorly. At no time during the long four acts did he seem to feel his part or, even, like it. Billy Sheppard himself could certainly not have been as wooden as he was while orally slapping on the wrist the luckless guy who took his overcoat. He has done some remarkably fine acting in Carmel and his weak, uncertain

characterization of Daniel Gilchrist belongs not in his record.

Modesty compels restraint in dealing with Gene Watson. He had only a short part in the play, but it was enough to demonstrate that we have a better actor over here at Seventh and San Carlos than they have over there on Dolores between Seventh and Ocean. It doesn't need any of Allen Griffin's auditors to prove that.

Others in the cast who are to be particularly noted for their evident capabilities and promises for the future are Relda Maddox, who played the temporarily derelict girl; Frank Townsend, who seemed to know considerably what he was about as an exploiter of the working man; Arthur Hull, as the two-faced labor leader; Harry Hedger, as an outraged husband; Jerome Chance, as the aroused Pole; Irving Gundersen and Ted Sierka. Particular praise should be given Walt Tuthill who drew some money into the box office from Ocean avenue. As a tough member of the gang which wanted to clean up Mr. Gilchrist's mission, Walt looked as dangerous as when you try to short-change him at the Smoke Shop.

As to all the foregoing, and the remaining 18 members of that cast, it should be said that if, accepting Mr. Gilchrist's ratio, the Carmel Community Church harvests one Christian out of ten prospects through the proceeds from "The Fool," the price will have been dear indeed. That cast earned a lot more money than went into the box office.

—W. K. B.

TWO-THIRDS OF CARMEL SMOKING OLD GOLDS

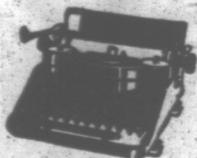
"It was pretty tough the first week, but I'm getting used to 'em now."

You hear many a husband around Carmel expressing a sentiment worded that way. When you hear it you know that in that family is a wife, daughter or a son with an eye on \$100,000. The family is smoking Old Golds.

So far that's the biggest gate in the cigarette ring history. Chesterfield will probably come back with a couple-a' hundred thousand before the end of summer. Lucky Strike will toast itself on both sides. Camels will get little Princess Elizabeth to say she likes them a teenie bit better than her favorite doll.

Kit Cooke paid Carmel a welcome visit during the week.

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Scandinavia Will Be Forum Topic

Dr. Hubert Phillips, professor of social sciences in the State College, Fresno, will talk on "Scandinavia: Lands of Peace and Prosperity" before the Carmel Forum at Sunset Auditorium next Thursday evening March 4 at 8 o'clock.

Dr. Phillips is well known all through the state for his successful talks at community forums. During the summer of last year he made a study tour of Scandinavian countries and is well equipped for a thorough presentation of his topic. He is a straightforward and stimulating liberal scholar who is not afraid to develop challenging conclusions and to defend his viewpoints.

+ + +

LADY JANE GREY WALKS SCREEN AT FILMARTE

Lady Jane Grey, probably the most pathetic figure in the history of the Court of St. James's, is walking the screen of the Filmarte in Carmel. It is fitting and proper that this should be a Gaumont-British picture and also that Nova Pilbeam and Sir Cedric Hardwicke should star in it.

"Nine Days a Queen" will continue at the Filmarte until Monday of next week and those of you who find the same relief from a continuous dose of Hollywood that we do, should not miss this fine exemplification of British cinema art.

+ + +

Major Chester Shephard told the American legionnaires, their ladies and friends, about his recent tour of Mexico at the legion clubhouse in Carmel last evening. His talk was part of the Open Forum program arranged by Mrs. Pat Hudgins.

Dr. MacDougal Back After Discovering New Flora on Moon—It's His Own Fault If We're Wrong About This

That man with the white goatee and who knows what makes trees grow, along with a smattering of other general knowledge, is back in town. He attended lectures and scientific conferences back east and down south. He probably delivered some of the lectures himself, but wouldn't say definitely. The last we saw of him Wednesday afternoon, the day after he returned, he was in the Bank of Carmel discussing President Roosevelt's determination to do something drastic about the United States Supreme Court.

Dr. D. T. MacDougal is one of those typical scientists who doesn't consider what he does as anything to write home about, or, as in our case, as anything to make a note of, in the words of Captain Cuttle. But the fact remains that during his month's absence from Carmel a lot of people must have learned a lot about photosynthesis they didn't know before.

Dr. MacDougal did admit that he had been to Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, St. Louis and Tucson since last opening his box at the Carmel post office, and he did say something about informing somebody about the "growth promoting substances in trees and their influence on seasonal activities." (Even Libby Ley can't do much with that one.)

Whereupon, he having so uttered, we demanded that he hie straightway to his Carnegie laboratory down on Twelfth street and get caught up on the Carmel rainfall, because we were going to ask about that before going to press. At least what he tells us about

rainfall we can understand.

By the way, did you know that he's a director, or something, of the New York Botanical Society, or Association, or Hui, or whatever it is they call the getting together of such fellows, and that one of the main things he went back east for was to help decide whether the Hui was going to let the city of New York have 160 acres of its own little land in Bronx park for a playground in exchange for putting an iron fence around another 160 acres of the Botanical Society's domain? We didn't. We don't understand it yet. We may be all wrong about it. It may have been somewhere else. But it's the doctor's own fault if we're confused on the matter. If he'd only stand up and throw out his chest and say: "I did this" or "I did that"—you know, like a bricklayer, or a coal heaver or a—or a—or—a weekly newspaper editor, maybe we could understand him. But he won't—he's a scientist, and there's nothing you can do with scientists except to let 'em go on sciencing.

But just between you and us and Mr. Ewig's new rest room for dogs, one of the biggest thrills we get out of life is to walk up to this white-goateed photosynthesisist on Ocean avenue and say: "Hello, doctor," and have him smile cheerily at us as though we knew as much as he does.

We're hellishly glad he's back.

+ + +

When you patronize our advertisers it would be ducky if you would say: 'I saw it in The Cymbal.'

It's spring!

...AND WE'RE READY!

How about you?

Fine selection of Sports
Jackets in Imported Fabrics.
The very latest patterns in

SCOTCH CHEVIOT & TWEED

\$15 to \$25

NEWEST SLACKS FOR MEN

Gabardine • Flannel • Cheviot
Wide assortment of patterns
from sombre to bold

\$5.95 to \$10

NEW SPORT CANVAS SHOES

In the three new, high colors—
scarlet, new blue, ivory white

\$2.75

HAND-LACED

MEXICAN (huaraches) SANDALS

\$3.95



Imelman's Sportwear Shop

OCEAN AVENUE • CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA

Unadjusted Child Bardarson Topic

(This is the third in a series on Education, written for THE CYMBAL by O. W. Bardarson, principal of Sunset School in Carmel.)

The unadjusted child is our greatest problem because that child is most apt to become the emotionally unbalanced adult, the loafer, or the criminal. The distress, the waste, and the damage caused by the above type of individual is beyond calculation. The fifteen billion dollars spent annually on law enforcement alone is necessary but at the same time indicates that we are not approaching the problem from the right end.

Approach should be made when the individual as a child begins to show evidence of maladjustment. It is difficult for schools to deal with the problem from the scientific case study angle because of large classes, inadequate facilities and lack of funds. When the public realizes the extent of remedial and corrective work possible under proper support the public will gladly provide the means for the expansion of the school program to include child study clinics.

The chief causes of maladjustment are mental and physical deficiencies, idleness, lack of harmony with environment, and failure to be accepted by the group.

Sunset School in a small way has tried to help parents by making case studies of children who appear to be unadjusted. The case study is a scientific evaluation of the child and could be of benefit to a perfectly normal child. The procedure, in brief, is as follows: (1) To explain the purpose and plan of the council to the parents whose child has been recommended for study and to secure the permission of the parents to make the study. (2) To secure the home and family history of the child. (3) To summarize opinions of teachers. (4) To administer the Stanford-Revison of the Binet test. (5) To secure a thorough physical examination and the examining doctor's recommendations. (6) After a careful survey of all data to discuss all findings and to prepare recommendations. (7) To submit certain recommendations to those in a position to cooperate. (8) A careful follow-up.

Findings of the Case Study are strictly confidential and only the recommendations and summaries which may prove helpful are conveyed to the teachers and parents. In dealing with problems of childhood we must respect the personality of the child and his parents; pursue our efforts without publicity or sensationalism, and follow up our studies in an objective and positive manner.

—OTTO W. BARDARSON
+ + +

THE REV. AUSTIN B. CHINN SURPRISED ON BIRTHDAY

Many of his parishioners and friends were in on a surprise party for the Rev. Austin B. Chinn, retiring rector of All Saints Church, at the parish house last Saturday afternoon on the occasion of his birthday. A portrait of his daughter, Lauran, painted by Celia Seymour, Carmel artist, was presented to the rector as a farewell present as well as a birthday gift. The Chinn's leave Carmel next month to make their home in Palo Alto.

+ + +

You can subscribe for THE CYMBAL at our Ocean avenue office—with The Carmel Investment Company, Ocean avenue, south side, just west of San Carlos street. It's \$1 a year.

Just in Case...

YOU SHOULD WANT TO KNOW

(The Cymbal would welcome its attention being called to any errors or omissions in this array of facts. Telephone 77, or drop us a card.)

STATISTICS ON THE VILLAGE

Carmel is in a pine forest on the open-ocean slope of Monterey Peninsula, 130 miles south of San Francisco. Carmel has an estimated population of 2800. Area, 425 acres or $\frac{1}{16}$ of a square mile. Improved streets, 30 miles. Dwellings, 1237. Business licenses, 250. Communities directly adjacent, but not within the city boundaries, are Carmel Point, with an estimated population of 150; Carmel Woods, 150, and Hatton Fields, 100.

Population of "metropolitan" Carmel is therefore 3200.

Also included in the area for which Carmel is the shopping center are Carmel Highlands, estimated population 100; Pebble Beach, 100; Carmel Valley, 100.

Total population of Carmel district, 3500.

The original Carmel City, comprising what is now the north-east section within the present city limits, was founded in 1887. The city as is, under the official name of Carmel-by-the-Sea, was founded in 1903 and incorporated in 1916.

The United States Post Office, insistent on brevity, ignores the hyphenated tail, and calls us Carmel, for which most of us are duly thankful.

CITY OFFICES AND WHO ARE HOLDING THEM NOW

Elective city offices with their incumbents are:

Mayor and Commissioner of Finance—Everett Smith.
Commissioner of Streets, Sidewalks and Parks—James H. Thoburn.
Commissioner of Health and Safety—Clara N. Kellogg.
Commissioner of Police and Lights—Joseph A. Burge.
Commissioner of Fire and Water—Bernard Rowntree.
The above five form the City Council. They get no pay.

City Clerk and Assessor—Saidee Van Brower. Telephone 110.
City Treasurer—Ira D. Taylor.

Appointive offices with their incumbents are:

City Attorney—Argyll Campbell.
Police Judge—George P. Ross. Telephone 481.
City Inspector—B. W. Adams. Telephone 481.
Police Department—Chief Robert Norton. Patrolmen, Charles Guth, Earl Wermuth, Roy Frates. Telephone 131.
Fire department—Chief, Robert Leidig. Twenty-four members. Firemen are organized volunteers. They are not paid, but we are building them a nice fire house with ducky social quarters. Fire Alarm Telephone 100.

The City Hall, to which we point without pride, is on Dolores street, between Ocean avenue and Seventh, opposite the Pine Cone office.

The city council holds its regular meeting there on the first Wednesday after the first Monday of the month at 7:45 p.m.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Ralph Chandler Harrison Memorial Library is at the north-east corner of Ocean avenue and Lincoln street. The hours are 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. and 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. Closed Sundays and holidays. Books are free to permanent residents. A charge of \$3 a year is made to permanent residents in the Carmel district outside the city and owning no property inside it. A deposit of \$3 is required of transients, retained at the rate of 25 cents a week during use of library.

The library possesses the Ralph Chandler Harrison collection of original etchings, part of which is continually on display. If you know anything about etchings you will be surprised and pleased.

Anybody living in the county may apply for a county card and obtain county library books through the Carmel library.

ART GALLERY

The Carmel Art Association Gallery, open to the public, displaying the original work of Monterey Peninsula artists, is on the west side of Dolores street, between Fifth and Sixth streets, a block and a half north of Ocean avenue. The hours are 2 to 5 p.m. every day except Monday. Mrs. Ethel Warren, curator.

CARMEL MISSION

Ecclesiastically known as Mission San Carlos Borromeo del Rio de Carmelo. Founded 1770 by Fray Junipero Serra. Drive south on San Carlos street, continuing on winding paved road quarter of a mile. Rev. Michael D. O'Connell, pastor. Telephone 750. Regular masses Sunday, 8 a.m. and 10 a.m. Visiting hours, week-days, 9 to 12 m., 1 to 5 p.m. Sundays, after masses.

CHURCHES

All Saints Church (Episcopal). East side of Monte Verde street, half a block south of Ocean avenue. Rev. Austin B. Chinn, rector. Telephone 155-W. Services: Holy communion every Sunday at 8 a.m. and on the first Sunday of every month also at 11 a.m. Morning prayer and sermon, 11 a.m.

Community Church. Lincoln street, half a block south from Ocean avenue. Rev. Homer S. Bodley, pastor. Telephone 977-J. Services: Worship, Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Junior League, 5 p.m. Epworth League, 7 p.m.

First Church of Christ Scientist. East side of Monte Verde street, north from Ocean avenue a block and a half. Services: Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Wednesday evening meeting, 8 p.m.

Christian Science Reading Room. South side of Ocean avenue near Monte Verde street, on the Court of The Golden Bough. Hours, 9 to 5 week-days, and Tuesday and Friday evenings, 7 to 9. Holidays, 1 to 5. Telephone 499.

THEATERS

Filmart. West side of Monte Verde street, between Ninth and Tenth streets, Bare, lessee and manager. First and second run outstanding films. Two shows in evening, 7 and 9 o'clock; matinees, Saturday, Sunday and Wednesday, 2:30 p.m.

Carmel Theatre. In downtown district, Ocean avenue and Mission street. L. J. Lyons, resident manager. Regular motion picture programs every evening, with matinees Saturday and Sunday. Telephone 282.

Forest Theater. Natural amphitheater in the pine forest. On Mountain View avenue, three blocks south from Ocean avenue. First play produced in 1910. Produces plays with local casts each summer. Herbert Heron started it.

Theatre of The Golden Bough. In ruins at Ocean avenue and Monte Verde street. Only the walls still stand after a fire in 1935. This was Carmel's prideful showplace for years. Hundreds of residents of old Carmel have trod its stage in locally-cast and locally-directed plays.

POST OFFICE

South-east corner of Ocean avenue and Mission street. Irene Cator, postmaster.

Mail closes—For all points, 6:45 a.m. and 5:15 p.m. For all points except south, 12:15 p.m.

Mail available—From all points 10:45 a.m. Principally from north and east, 3 p.m. and 7:30 p.m. This includes Saturday, but the windows close on Saturday at 1 p.m. They are closed all day Sunday, but mail is placed in the boxes in the morning before 10:45 o'clock.

RAILWAY EXPRESS

South side of Seventh street, between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Ira D. Taylor, manager. Telephone 64.

TELEGRAPH

Western Union. East side of Dolores street, between Ocean avenue and Seventh street. Telephone Call Western Union.

Postal Telegraph. Telephone, Call Postal Telegraph.

BANKS

Bank of Carmel. North side of Ocean avenue between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Charles L. Berkey, manager. Telephone 12.

Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank (Carmel Branch). West side of Dolores street between Ocean avenue and Seventh street. J. E. Abernethy, manager. Telephone 920.

PUBLIC UTILITIES

Pacific Gas and Electric Company. West side of Dolores street, between Seventh and Eighth streets. L. G. Weer, manager. Telephone 778. If no answer, call 178.

Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company. South-east corner of Seventh and Dolores streets. Telephone 20.

Water Company. Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank building on Dolores street. Telephone 138.

HOLES IN SOLES

Village Shoe Rebuilder. San Carlos street, just south of Ocean avenue. C. W. Wentworth. You may talk with him about New England.

TAXI SERVICE

Joe's 24-hour service. Ocean avenue, next to library. Telephone 15.
Greyhound 24-hour service, Ocean avenue and Dolores. Telephone 40.

STAGE SERVICE

Monterey stage office. Ocean avenue next to library. Telephone 15. Leave for Monterey, 8, 9:15 and 11:45 a.m. 12:45, 2:45, 4:30, 5:45 and 6:30 p.m. Arrive from Monterey, 9:15 and 11:30

a.m. and 12:30, 1:45, 3:30, 5:30, 6:30 and 7:15 p.m.

MONTEREY TRAINS

Southern Pacific Depot, Monterey. Telephone Monterey 4155. North-bound trains direct to San Francisco, 8:16 a.m. and 1:20 p.m. North-bound by railroad bus for connections at Salinas, 3:40 and 5:32 p.m. South-bound, railroad bus for connections at Salinas, 9:45 a.m. and 8:53 p.m.

BUS SERVICE

Greyhound Lines. Main street, Monterey, in San Carlos Hotel building. Telephone 5887. Carmel information office, northwest corner of Dolores and Ocean avenue. Telephone Carmel 40.

Departures from Monterey: North-bound, 7:50 a.m.; south-bound, 9 a.m.; north and south, 9:40 a.m.; north, 1:05 p.m.; north, 4 p.m.; north and south, 6:51 p.m.; south, 10 p.m.

Arrivals at Monterey: from Salinas and south, 8:55 a.m.; north and south, 11:10 a.m.; north, 12:09 p.m.; north, 3 p.m.; north and south, 6:58 p.m.; north and south, 7:55 p.m.; south, 9:20 p.m.; north, 11:30 p.m.

Cozzens Gave Approval To System Now On File

(Continued from Page One)

floods in the north-eastern section of the city is also taken care of in our report."

Although Councilman Thoburn could not be reached yesterday it is understood that he has been studying the Gottfried-Seideneck plan with Engineer Cozzens who is familiar with it and approved it at the time it was first drafted and filed.

The plan was worked out after a committee of seven had been named by the council. Miss Clara Kellogg, now on the council, was a councilman at that time, and it was she who presented the plan to that body. In talking about it yesterday, Miss Kellogg said that one of the reasons why the report was not acted on favorably at that time was the problem that developed in the detail for a drainage flue along Santa Lucia to join at Carmelo road and thence to the river. It developed that a high spot on Santa Lucia required an underground conduit which made the expense too great.

It seems, however, from general reports, that a concerted opposition was made to the plan at the time because it provided for re-routing of certain east and west streets, and the closing of some for at least a block in certain sections. The plan originally was designed to beautify the city through adopting winding rights of way for the streets and handling the drainage along them by the open gutter system. Some streets would be closed for a block, as far as using them for thoroughfares, but the plan would not have restricted entrance for property owners.

However, the drainage plan as worked out would meet the present problems, according to many who are familiar with it, and it is believed that it should now be used as a basis for adopting a necessary system.

+ + +

Mrs. M. J. Holden, mother of Hazel Watrous, has returned from a visit with relatives in San Jose.

Business Directory

Cypress Motor Sales Peninsula Oldsmobile Dealer

James J. Regan
Carmel Representative

ELECTROLUX CLEANER

No obligation for demonstration

GEO. L. CHANEY, Agent
Telephone Carmel 41 or 68
P. O. Box 1684

YOUR PROBLEMS SOLVED Z W A N ASTROPSYCHOLOGY

Consultation Fee \$2.00. For Appointment Phone Monterey 7478

Classified Ads.

LOST. A Yellow Gold Wrist Watch and yellow gold watch band. "Arthur Nison" engraved on back of case. Notify Mrs. Sutton, Sutton Place, Carmel. Liberal Reward. 3-5

BARGAIN LOTS !!!—Owner says SELL. So here is your opportunity. Fine level lots in Carmel Woods. In most desirable location. Prices while they last, \$400 and \$450 each. Adjoining lots nearly double this price. Good lots at bargain prices are getting scarce. See Corum Jackson at Carmel Realty Company today.

FOR QUICK SALE—Owner leaving Carmel and really wants to sell two-story house containing two apartments. Will realize 12 per cent return at low rentals, or owner can live in one apartment and rent the other. Located in good section. Price \$4500.00. Carmel Realty Company, Ocean Avenue.

TELEPHONE CARMEL 167

Rentals • Sales

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Real Estate

PHILIP WILSON CORNER DOLORES AND OCEAN

THE OLDEST BARBER SHOP IN TOWN—YET THE NEWEST

PAUL'S

NEXT TO THE LIBRARY.

PAUL MERCURIO
to say nothing of COURT ARNE

Hear ye!

BE WARNED!

The best leather cannot stand heat. Heat dries leather, and it cracks like pie crust. Keep off the floor radiators

C. W. Wentworth
SHOE REBUILDER
San Carlos South of Ocean

TAXI DAY OR NIGHT CALL 15 PARCELS DELIVERY

Sightseeing Trips anywhere—17-mile Drive, Big Sur, Carmel Valley, Scenic Drive, Carmel Point, Point Lobos, Highlands

RIDE IN A PACKARD...IT COSTS NO MORE

JOE'S TAXI

OCEAN AVENUE & LINCOLN • NEXT TO THE LIBRARY
Carmel-Monterey Stage Office • Telephone 15

A Pertinent Comment by Allen Griffin And a Nifty Reply from The Cymbal

(Continued from Page One)

tion is not so much a basis for consideration by advertisers as reader interest. THE CYMBAL has more reader interest (maybe we learned this new boastful trait of ours from you) than your old daily and the two other Carmel papers put together. A fellow down here on Ocean avenue expressed the thing, in what we might call a succinct fashion, the other day. He said: "It takes me an hour or more to read THE CYMBAL and I can read the other two Carmel papers together in ten minutes."

There you are. That's reader interest. What value is an advertisement to a man if the page on which it is printed is scarcely glanced at? Not a blooming thing is it worth, now is it, Allen?

Still another thing, and this is a specially important thing.

Today, yesterday's Herald is worth no more than the paper it is printed on. You needn't feel so bad about that; it applies as well to the San Francisco Chronicle and the Chicago Tribune. But it isn't, is it?

All right. You have a low advertising rate, you say. I know you do. And you should. You should have a lower one than THE CYMBAL, despite your bit larger circulation over here.

The point is that an ad in the

Herald on Monday isn't worth anything at all on Tuesday. You sell ads by the day. We sell 'em by the week. The same ad, we mean, gets a whole week's play in THE CYMBAL. It gets only a day in the Herald.

For instance, in last week's issue of THE CYMBAL, Conrad Imelman advertised some new snappy spring clothing. It was a good ad and in THE CYMBAL it stood out like the proverbial lighthouse. The point is that every day for seven days it stood out like that there lighthouse. It was still standing out up until this very morning when 422 of last week's CYMBALS were filed away to make room on 422 living room tables for the one you now hold in your hands.

We hope you get this point. Above all, we hope the Carmel advertisers get this point. It is why we have the slogan "There is no substitute in Carmel for CYMBAL circulation." CYMBALS are read, from beginning to end. CYMBALS are saved for seven days—out in the open. CYMBALS have more readers per copy than the New York Times. See what we mean?

But we do like your attitude, your pride in the Herald, and we will welcome your circulation auditor at any time.

New Business Block for Five Stores Plan of Leidigs

(Continued from Page One)

the completion, but any day now they may get notice that the four walls that house each of them are to be supplanted by bigger and better plaster.

The loss of the Stanford corner, as is, will remove the oldest business structure now extant on Ocean avenue. More than 30 years ago it was built and was first occupied by a grocery. Shortly after, Dr. J. E. Beck took possession of it for a drug store, and a drug store it has remained ever since.

The tenants who would be affected by a new building are, besides Stanford, Barnet Segal on Ocean avenue, and Mr. Walker who shines shoes next to him, and C. W. Wentworth, who re-builds shoes, on San Carlos. Eugene Ricketta, Esq., the funny-looking guy who runs McDonald Dairy on San Carlos, will be immune. The store between Stanford's and Segal's, formerly occupied by Noller's butcher shop, is now vacant.

Mildred Sahlstrom Wright, violinist, accompanied 22 of her pupils to the Milstein concert last Satur-

day night. It is the "sound music-ian-ship" of Milstein, as well as his genius, that Mrs. Wright wished to impress upon her pupils.

Filmarte

NOW

FRIDAY • SAT • SUNDAY
2 Performances Every Night

Liberty Gave It Four Stars!

NINE DAYS A QUEEN

ATTENTION LADIES!

Pre-Easter Special

3-PIECE SUITS

TAILORED TO YOUR LIKING

Mr. and Mrs. Van

Tailors

Lincoln bet. Ocean and Seventh • Carmel 18

Our Motto: "Satisfaction Guaranteed"

AH! A SPECIALTY WITH US!

FRIED FISH

and CHIPS!

DINNER

and... a spiffy
tap room

SADE'S
CARMEL-ETA INN

CARMEL TOPS PACIFIC AREA IN FLOOD RELIEF TOTAL

As far as can be determined the Carmel Chapter of the American Red Cross leads all Pacific slope communities in over-contributing its quota for flood relief.

With the contribution of \$40.15 by the Birthday Club, the Carmel fund total reached \$3175 this week. This makes over five times the quota established three weeks ago and should prove a record for the Pacific area.

+

JOAN CLAGUE HONORED AT MONTEREY HIGH

Joan Clague, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Clague of Carmel, has been chosen to make the salutatory address at the graduation exercises of Monterey High school this June. Rupert Kendall will deliver the valedictory.

A total of 116 students will be graduated. Speakers at the exercises are chosen for their high scholarship. Joan Clague ranks second in her class, and her brother, John, is fourth.

+

DR. EDWIN F. KEHR NOW HEADS KENNEL CLUB

Dr. E. F. Kehr of Carmel is the new president of the Del Monte Kennel club. He was elected at a meeting of the club last Saturday afternoon. New vice-presidents are L. K. Gentry and A. G. E. Hanke. Miss Marian Kingsland was elected secretary.

SUNSET SCHOOL NOTES

"Snap" Nelson is to feature the assembly program of Sunset School this afternoon, telling the pupils cowboy and Indian legends and doing some Indian dances.

+

"Music and Musicians of Maine" is the title of a new book recently presented to the Sunset school library by George Thornton Edwards, the author, and grandfather of Carol Canoles, Sunset school pupil.

+

Bigger and better plates and bases for both the larger and smaller baseball diamonds are being arranged for by Donald Morton, athletic manager in charge of the fields.

+

The Seventh and Eighth Grades Girls' Basketball teams are to battle tomorrow afternoon and after the game enjoy a supper at the school. The losing team must clean up after the feed.

+

Mrs. F. H. Clark of Berkeley, sister of Mrs. Carrie H. Bassett, was in Carmel over the week-end. With her were her daughter, Marion, in the welfare and health department of the Oakland schools; Miss Florence Bussell, head of school nurses in Oakland; and Miss Norma Britton, teacher in corrective classes in Oakland.

IT'S GOING TO GET

A Whole Lot Warmer In Carmel

BEFORE IT GETS COLD AGAIN—and that goes for your so-called cooler too!

NOW — IS THE TIME FOR ALL GOOD MEN TO COME TO THE AID OF THE HOUSEWIFE

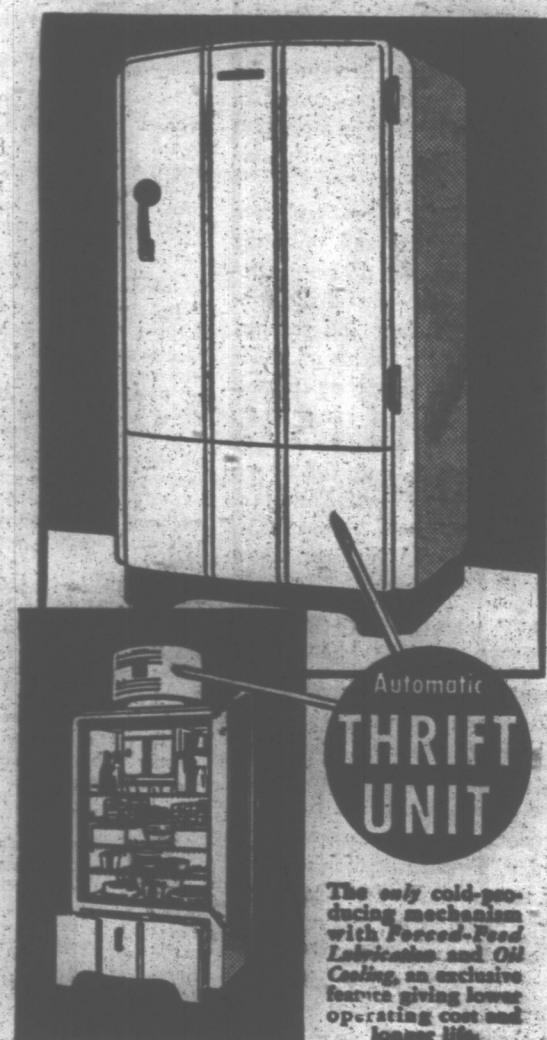
A General Electric TRIPLE-THRIFT REFRIGERATOR —is the answer to that!

**1—You save on PRICE
2—You save on CURRENT
3—You save on UPKEEP**

Think of the perfection—the efficiency—the utility—the beauty of the new G-E Refrigerator... and then remember they say

this summer will be hot!

Carl S. Rohr Electric



The only cold-producing mechanism with Forced-Feed Lubrication and Oil Cooling, an exclusive feature giving lower operating cost and longer life.

Ocean Ave • Tel. 58 • Carmel

COME OVER TONIGHT!

DON'T MISS TONIGHT'S Floor Show

No Cover Charge • Open Till 2 a. m.

KNOTTY PINE INN
296 LIGHTHOUSE AVENUE • NEW MONTEREY

Of course, you can dance every night